

Who Are You?

Story: Who Are You?

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/7957297/1/>

Category: Lion King

Genre: Adventure/Romance

Author: ThatPersonYouMightKnow

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3365186/>

Last updated: 03/28/2012

Words: 10397

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: A freak accident results in Nala losing her memory, and Tama becoming the complete opposite of who she is. Can Simba and Tojo fix this before it's all too late?

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Thirst For Adventure

AN: Interesting story, this one. And a little bit funny, I might add. We can have a little bit of fun before the dramatic finale, though, can't we? So, without further ado, I humbly present the next story.

Who Are You?

Chapter One: Thirst For Adventure

"I'm coming, Simba... I'm coming..."

"No!" Simba screamed, waking with a start. Looking around, he soon realised that he had just been dreaming, and breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Phew. Just a dream... that's all."

"Nightmare problems, Simba?" Nala said, as she looked up at the sky, doing nothing in particular. "Sounded like you were having a bad one to me."

Simba nodded, a sad look on his face. "It never ends, Nala. Never. I'm gonna be stuck like this for ever. First I thought the nightmares went away, but now they're back, and they're worse than ever! What am I gonna do? Spend my whole life scared of people who are already dead?" He let a dry laugh escape his throat. "Some life."

"Look on the bright side, Simba," Nala suggested. "It's not like your nightmare was *real*. It's just... all in your head. That's good. Right?"

"Feels like it's real," Simba muttered, still looking miserable. He looked around, and his eyes widened when he realised that they were in the middle of the jungle. "Uh... Nala? How did we end up in the jungle?"

She giggled in response. "Boy, those nightmares mess with your memory, don't they? It was my idea for us to sleep out here tonight. It was too hot and stuffy inside the den. But in the jungle we're underneath all this shade, with plenty of room to move around. You can say I'm a genius now."

"Oh, yeah," said Simba, only just remembering. "Sorry. I don't think very well when I'm tired. My mind's been a complete mess the past few days. It's too much for a cub like me to handle."

"A cub like *you*?" Nala exclaimed, a little smile on her face. "Simba, you're about ten times stronger than any normal cub. If nightmares are getting to you then you seriously have a problem. Why don't you just tell me all about it? It's only going to get worse if you keep it all bottled up." She stroked the tuft of fur on top of his head lightly. "Come on. I am your best-girl-friend," she said, using a little word she'd made up.

Simba gazed into her eyes, and finally, he smiled. "Oh, all right," he agreed. "It's Hago again."

"*Again*?" Nala raised an eyebrow. "Seriously? Does that guy ever give up? What's he going to gain from torturing you in your sleep?"

"He's coming back," Simba said glumly, causing Nala's eyes to widen in surprise. Out of all the responses Simba could have given, that ranked up as one of the most shocking.

"What do you mean?" Nala asked. "Simba... he can't come back. It's impossible. An ordinary lion can't just bring himself back to life. It doesn't happen."

"But Hago wasn't exactly *normal*, was he?" Simba retorted. "He was a magical lion. And a psycho, which makes things worse. He wanted to kill us both *really* badly. So, what if he's found some way to bring himself back to life?"

"No way," said Nala, shaking her head. "It wouldn't happen. It *can't* happen. There have been *other* magical lions, right? And surely some of them have died. How come *they* haven't come back to life?"

"Hago was different," Simba responded. "He'd find a way. He's not ever gonna stop until he kills us. He's determined. That's what worries me the most."

"You worry all the time, Simba," Nala told him. "Why don't you just... lighten up for once, and... forget about it all?"

"I've never stopped worrying," Simba said. "And really, if you think about it, it's kinda your fault."

"Huh?" Nala's eyes widened slightly. "What makes it *my* fault?"

Simba had a smile on his face. "Before I met you, I never worried about anything. I did whatever I wanted to, because there was nothing else better to do. I always felt like there was something missing. I needed a friend. And then I met you, and since then I've never *stopped* worrying. I care about you too much." He rested his head against Nala's. "I don't want anything to happen to you."

"Why is it that you seem to get sweeter every day?" said Nala, smiling.

"Nala, I'm the greatest cub who ever lived," Simba proclaimed. "*Every* part of me gets better every day!" He got to his paws, looking around the area they were in. "It's just a whole bunch of trees around here," he observed, turning back to Nala. "You could have chosen a better spot, Nala."

"Hey, don't blame me," said Nala, waving her forepaws in the air. "I just wanted to find a nice, cool place to sleep in. I should sleep out here *all* the time. Much better than the den. Plus the ground is softer, and it doesn't mess up my fur."

"I *love* that fur," Simba said, staring at Nala's creamy fur. "Can we swap bodies for one more day? Because it was *really* fun being in your body. It was so bouncy and... tingly."

"And *your* body felt cuter than anything else in the whole world," Nala remarked. After a few seconds, her eyes narrowed. "We are *very* alike, aren't we?"

"Me and you till the end, Nala," Simba said. "And even *after* that."

"There we go," said Nala, noticing that Simba had cheered up a little. "You look happier. Would an exciting adventure involving lots of death and danger make you even happier?"

"It might," Simba replied, as his eyes began to glint with mischief. "Depends on how much danger we're talking."

"*Very*," said Nala with a smile.

"Okay, then. What's the adventure?" Simba asked.

"We're gonna find the tallest tree in the jungle," Nala explained. "And then we're gonna jump from it!"

"Um... won't that kill us?" Simba said, narrowing his eyes. "You know... *splat*!"

"We'll jump into a river," Nala said. "A *big* one. Pretty exciting, huh?"

"Sounds crazy," Simba replied, before a smile formed on his face. "I like it."

Nala started walking, gesturing for him to follow. "Come on, then. Let's go get ourselves into trouble. *Again*. After all, there's nothing else better to do."

"You're right," Simba agreed, grinning. "What could possibly go wrong?"

"You know, you shouldn't say that," Nala retorted. "Every time someone *ever* says that something goes wrong. *Badly* wrong."

"Well, I've said it now," Simba responded. "Which actually means that something badly wrong is going to happen. Uh-oh..."

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: We All Make Mistakes

Chapter Two: We All Make Mistakes

"Oh, isn't it a wonderful morning?" Tama exclaimed as she looked up at the bright blue sky, listening to the sound of birds chirping nearby. "The sun is shining, birds are singing, and people are having much happier lives than me. Isn't that just dandy?" She then frowned. "Shut up, you birds! Can't you see I'm trying to talk to myself?"

The birds stopped chirping, and Tama smiled. "Thank you. I hate happiness. It's all blossoms and bubbles and buttercups these days." She stuck her tongue out. "How *disgusting*. Isn't that right, Tojo?"

Tama got no response. "Tojo?" She turned around. "Are you ignoring—"

She cut herself off when she saw that Tojo was still sleeping. *Oh... she thought, her eyes widening. That's... cute.*

Tama's small, cute, cuddly best friend, Tojo, was sprawled out on the ground, a smile on his face as he slept. He looked very adorable. "Oh... that's very cute," Tama said, as a smile began to form on her face, and her heart began to beat rapidly. Tojo's nose twitched slightly while he slept, and Tama's smile widened even more. "*Too* cute."

Tama took a few steps towards him. "Oh, I just want to hug and squeeze you until you explode!" she exclaimed. "I want to... Wait, what the heck am I saying?" She slapped herself on the face. "Shut up, Tama! Shut up! Shut up! You shouldn't be thinking these kind of things! If I keep thinking like this then one day I'm going to end up marrying that guy! And that's just... *wrong!*"

She stared at Tojo, and then sighed. "But it's so true. Every time I look at him I can't help but feel... I don't know. Weird. Strange." She chuckled. "You're a silly little guy, Tojo. Even though I'm the one with the powers, you seem to be the most magical cub of all."

Tojo yawned, rubbing his eyes with one paw as he awoke. "Morning, Tama," he greeted her, smiling. "Lovely morning," he said, looking up at the sky.

"I hate mornings," Tama grumbled, turning away from him. "They signify the start of another miserable day for me."

"You know we don't have to stay here, Tama," Tojo told her. "After the events of the other day, I'm pretty sure that we're welcome in the Pride Lands. But... you didn't want to go, for some reason."

"We can't trust them," Tama replied. "And besides, it's better when it's just me and you. I prefer it that way. No one else is gonna bother us."

"Oh, so you *like* being around me now," Tojo remarked. "That makes a change. Normally you don't seem so happy about me tagging along all the time."

"Tojo, I *love* being with you," Tama revealed honestly, although she wished she hadn't. "You're my..." She hesitated. "Best friend."

"You're finally learning how to be good, aren't you?" said Tojo with a smile, watching as Tama turned around to face him.

Her orange eyes burned into his. "I'm not into the whole 'goody good' thing, Tojo. You of all people should know that."

"Looks like you are," Tojo muttered as he got to his paws. "But if you're not good, then you're making *some* progress, I guess." He scratched the back of his neck. "So, what's the plan today? Sit around and look miserable all day? That's all you've been doing the past few days – is there something wrong?"

"Nothing you could help with, Tojo," Tama replied. "And no – the plan today *isn't* to sit around looking miserable all day, actually! We were going to... Uh... I... Well..."

Tojo motioned for her to continue. "Yes...?"

"Um... All right, so I don't know what we're going to do today. I don't really care, and I bet there's nothing *to* do, anyway," Tama said, continuing to frown. She'd felt so confused these past few days. She didn't know what to think any more. She couldn't figure anything out. Her feelings were such a... mess.

"Okay, then." Tojo smiled, walking over to Tama and putting a paw on her shoulder. "Then *I'll* suggest something. Let's go have some fun."

"Huh?" Tama gave him a funny look. "What do you mean? 'Fun'? In case you haven't noticed, we're in the middle of the Outlands, with absolutely no entertainment whatsoever. We're about as far away from fun as you can get!"

"I meant we should get out of here," Tojo explained. "Why don't we try the jungle? There must be something interesting for us to do. It's a lot better than doing nothing, right?"

Tama stared at him for a few seconds, and then smiled. "Okay. Fun. Right. Yes. Let's go."

She walked off, motioning for Tojo to follow. "Where do you want to try first? The Cave of Neverending Torture?"

"Maybe something a little less... psychotic," Tojo said, narrowing his eyes. "How about a nice river to swim in or something? I hear the water in the jungle sparkles so much that it almost blinds you."

"How do you know so much, Tojo?" Tama asked wonderingly. "I knew you were a complete nerd, but the size of your mind is just ridiculous. Where do you learn it all?"

"I taught myself," Tojo answered. "Most of the time. I hear a lot of stories and know about lots of things. I wouldn't have minded exploring the jungle before we first arrived in the Pride Lands, but you kept me occupied by making me carry you around the place and giving you paw rubs."

"A girl has needs," Tama replied.

"A girl knows when to give a guy a break," Tojo remarked. "Seriously, was a five minute rest *really* too much to ask for? I can't believe you made me your slave, too. If you knew I was a king then you wouldn't have done that to me."

"Yeah, well I needed someone, and I needed someone quick," Tama explained. "I didn't want to take advantage of you, Tojo. I just wanted someone with me. I didn't want to be on my own."

Tojo just stared at her. "Then you should have just asked. Where else was I gonna go?" He chuckled. "Jumping into the flames?"

"I didn't know you, then," Tama said. "I didn't know how... kind you were. I got it wrong... I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it. We all make mistakes," Tojo told her.

Tama smiled. "Yeah. *Epecially* me."

They walked along in silence. Tama made sure she was slightly in front of Tojo, so he couldn't see the touched expression on her face. *I'm getting in too deep*, she thought worriedly.

AN: Leading up to the end, aren't we? It's all so *very* close now. But hey, there's five more chapters of *this* story to go before we have to worry about that. See you tomorrow. Don't forget to review, or I just might sit here and write the next few chapters, with no consequences for you at all. Wait...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Something Goes Wrong

AN: Time for all the conflict. That's where all the exciting, funny, interesting stuffs gonna happen. But if you've been following me from the start, then you already know that, don't you? So, do what you always do. *Read.*

Chapter Three: Something Goes Wrong

"Whoa!" Simba exclaimed, nearly slipping off the branch he was clinging on to. "I need to sharpen these claws of mine more often. I'm losing my edge."

"Not me," Nala proclaimed, several branches up from him. "I *always* sharpen my claws, Simba. Why do you think I'm so ahead of you? Before you know it, it's gonna be *me* saving *you* from all the danger we get ourselves into."

"Ha!" Simba exclaimed. "Nala, everyone knows that *I'm* the hero around here. You're just the damsel in distress that I have to save all the time."

"You are *so* getting a slap in the face later," Nala teased. "If you're such a great hero, then how come I had to save you from King Hapana? You would have been cut up into pieces if it wasn't for me!"

"Okay, but apart from that, I've had to be the hero all the time. You know, I should give up for one day and see how you manage on your own. You wouldn't last a day," Simba challenged.

Nala scoffed in response. "Yeah, right, Simba. You need me. I'm a valuable part of this team."

"It's not a team, Nala," Simba corrected her. "It's a *duo*. We really need to find more friends..."

"Then I'm a valuable part of this *duo*," Nala said. "You wouldn't have any trouble if it wasn't for me."

"Yeah," Simba smiled. "Then I might be able to sleep a little easier at night."

Nala gritted her teeth. "Keep joking like that and I'm having you for dinner," she warned Simba. "If one of us doesn't fall to our deaths, I mean. Have a look down, Simba – how far up are we?"

Simba looked down, and his eyes widened at the height. "Wow!" he exclaimed, grinning. "Did we really climb this far up in just ten minutes? We must be *experts* at this!" Suddenly, Simba had an unsure look on his face. "Do you really think we'll survive if we jump into that river down there? It feels like we're... *too* high."

"Aw, don't worry about it, Simba," Nala replied. "You never see me complaining when *you* come up with a crazy idea. It's my turn to go cuckoo for once. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I... guess," Simba replied, giving her a funny look. "But this idea seems a little *too* crazy for me. We might die!"

"We might not," Nala retorted. "And besides, would you rather be stuck doing nothing? This is *fun*, Simba! The danger is what makes it exciting!"

"You're seriously defending this?" Simba shook his head. "Something's going to go wrong, Nala. I can tell."

"And since when did you become psychic?" Nala said. "Don't worry about it. You'll thank me in the end."

Simba sighed, a worried look on his face. "I doubt it. Something *always* goes wrong around us."

Nala sighed and shook her head, before jumping up and grabbing on to the next branch above her. "Simba, it's fine. Nothing is going to go—"

At that moment, the branch snapped, and Nala's eyes widened in shock as she fell from the tall tree.

Simba watched in horror as Nala screamed at the top of her voice, plummeting at an extremely fast rate towards the ground.

It all happened so fast. Before Simba even knew it, the next thing he heard was a massive *splash!* Looking down, he quickly realised that Nala had landed in the large river that was right next to the tree.

"Oh..." Simba winced, feeling ever so sorry for Nala. "I hate it when I'm right."

"Fun!" Tama exclaimed, as she walked through the dense jungle with Tojo at her side. "That's what he said! Fun! Well, Tojo, we've been walking through this jungle for fifteen minutes – *fifteen minutes* – and so far I haven't seen one single thing that looks the least bit entertaining! This is just all part of your plan, isn't it?"

Tojo gave her a funny look. "My *plan*? What kind of plan involves bringing you to the jungle? What am I gonna do? Sacrifice you to nature?"

"You could have sacrificed me to one of the other animals around here," Tama replied. "I heard quite a weird story once about a warthog and a meerkat who drained innocent cubs of their energy so they could live for ever. Actually, that sounds stupid, but you get my point!"

Tojo sighed. "Tama, I'm never gonna try and trick you into anything. I just want us to try and enjoy ourselves. You've been looking pretty down the past few days. Why is that? Come on. You know you can tell me anything."

"Like I said earlier – it's nothing you'd understand," said Tama, as her eyes scanned her surroundings. "So, where are the sparkling rivers that blind you once you look at them? All I see so far are trees. Lots and lots of trees. Not one single drop of water. Speaking of which, I'm thirsty."

"Oh, all right, then," Tojo said, hopping over a low branch and squeezing in between two trees. "According to rumour, the closer the trees are together, the closer you are to a river."

"Great!" Tama exclaimed sarcastically. "So before we even *get* to the river we have to squeeze ourselves to death!"

"I think you're taking this a bit too far, Tama," said Tojo, before focusing on what was ahead of him. "Yikes!" he squeaked, narrowly avoiding getting hit in the face by a branch sticking out from a tree. "That was a close one, huh, Tama?"

Tama stopped walking. "You know, I actually would have found it pretty funny if you got hit by that."

Tojo turned around to face her, his eyes widened. "You can be *really* mean sometimes. How would you like it if *you* got hit by a branch?"

"Well—" At that moment, a branch fell out of nowhere, hitting Tama right on the head with a *smack!*

Dazed, she stumbled about the place wildly, a goofy smile on her face, before falling onto her back, her eyes closed, unconscious.

"Ooh... that's gotta hurt," said Tojo, wincing as he walked over to her. "Tama?" he called, waving a paw in front of her face. He got no response. "Tama? Hello! You still alive?" He then gasped. "Oh, no!" he squealed. "What if she's dead? What am I gonna do then? I'll have to live out the rest of my life, all on my own!"

Quickly, Tojo put his head up against Tama's chest, to determine whether she was still breathing or not. *Please be alive*, he willed, listening for a heartbeat.

He got one. And another. And another. *Yep*, Tojo thought, as a relieved smile spread across his face. *She's alive, all right. Still her same old, mean self.*

Tojo was right about one thing. Tama was very much alive. However, what he was *wrong* about was Tama being her same old, mean self. When she woke up, she was going to become a completely different person entirely.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Memory Loss

Chapter Four: Memory Loss

Simba jumped down from the branch, landing on the ground hard. He stumbled slightly, one of his hind legs landing awkwardly. "Ow!" he cried, hopping about the place. "I *hate* it when that happens!"

Ignoring the aching pain in his leg, Simba hurried over to the river's edge, looking around frantically for any sign of Nala. / *hope she didn't get washed away*, he thought, before gulping nervously. *She'll drown*.

It only took him a few seconds more to find her. The upper half of Nala's body was slumped over the river's edge. The lower half was still in the water. Her eyes were closed, knocked out from the immense fall.

"There you are!" Simba exclaimed, rushing over to her. "I know this is pretty horrible to say, but I told you so."

He put his front paws under her forelegs, dragging her gently out of the river, resting her down on the ground, so she lay on her back. She made a little noise in her unconscious state. "Nala, come on, wake up," he urged.

"Oh..." Nala moaned, turning her head slightly as he eyes began to flicker open. "Ow..."

Simba breathed a sigh of relief. "You're okay... You're okay..."

Nala sat up, looking around. A confused look came across her face, which Simba found rather strange. It was more than confusion. She looked... lost. So small and frightened in such a big, scary world.

She blinked several times. "What... What happened?" she asked, putting a paw to her head, feeling a big bump there. She took her paw away upon feeling the bump throb with pain.

Nala turned her head and saw Simba. She gasped and backed away in fright. "What happened? Where am I?"

Simba smiled and rolled his eyes. "I saved you from drowning, silly," he told her, causing Nala's frightened expression to suddenly disappear.

"You... You saved me?" she said, blinking a few times and shaking her head, as if struggling to remember what had happened.

"Of course I did," Simba replied. "You took a pretty nasty fall. You're lucky to be alive."

There was an awkward moment of silence between the two. "Well... thanks. I just have one little question, though," said Nala.

"What is it?" Simba asked.

"Who are you?"

Tama rolled over onto her stomach in her unconscious state. Tojo prodded her a little. "Tama. Wake up." He smiled warmly. "Come on. It's only a little bump on the head. That's nothing compared to the trouble we've been in." A worried look crossed his face, and he lightly stroked her cheek. "Please?"

Tama made a little noise, and Tojo smiled. "Knew it," he said. "Nothing can ever keep you down."

Tama curled up, looking ever so vulnerable right now. Slowly, she lifted her head up to look at Tojo, causing him to appear shocked.

"Oh..." he said, looking stunned. "That's not good at all."

The first obvious thing was that Tama's eyes were different. They were about three times as wide as they normally were. They were the biggest eyes Tojo had ever seen. They showcased a lot more of her inner emotions. Right now, she looked ever so scared. Ever so vulnerable.

And ever so lost.

"Tama?" Tojo called softly, cocking his head to the side.

Tama backed away nervously, shielding her face with her paws. "Please!" she cried, terrified. "Don't hurt me!"

"Hurt you?" said Tojo, walking towards her slowly. "What makes you think I'm gonna hurt you?"

Tama began to shudder with fear, curling up on the ground, shaking fiercely. "You're gonna kill me?" she exclaimed, shaking even more. "Oh, please! Don't kill me! I don't want to die! I don't want to..." She started crying softly, pushing her face into the ground, sobbing quietly.

Tojo took a few more steps towards her, narrowing his eyes. "Tama..." he said, putting a gentle paw on her side. "I'm not gonna do anything to you. I promise."

Tama slowly opened her eyes, taking her paws away from her face slightly. "You're... You're *not* gonna hurt me?" she said, her big eyes widening even more.

Tojo smiled, and shook his head. "No. Why would I hurt you?"

Tama continue to shake, still very frightened. "I don't like strangers," she confessed. "They scare me. You never know when they might grab you from behind and do...." She closed her eyes as tight as she could. "Oh, I don't want to think about it!"

"Stranger?" Tojo exclaimed. "I'm not a stranger! You know who I am, don't you, Tama?"

Tama stared at him with her huge eyes. "No," she replied, looking both confused and scared. "Why would I know you? I've never seen you before in my life. It's why I thought you wanted to kill me."

Tojo's eyes widened. "Oh, boy," he said, worried. "This is gonna cause a lot of problems."

"Who am I?" Simba chuckled. "Come on, Nala, this is no time for jokes. You know who I am."

"Who's Nala?" Nala responded, cocking her head to the side, smiling innocently. "That's a pretty name."

"Whoa..." Simba's eyes widened in surprised. "You mean... you don't remember your name?"

"My name?" Nala's smile widened. "Nope. I don't remember my name. Stupid, stupid, stupid – that's me!" She giggled maniacally.

"Nala, that's your name!" Simba told her. "Nala! You've lost your mind!"

"That's funny!" Nala exclaimed, giggling even more. "I guess I'll have to find it, then!"

"Nala! Don't go crazy!" Simba said.

"Sorry," said Nala, looking down at the ground. "I get a bit weird when I'm confused. Like right now!"

"You mean... you can't remember anything?" Simba said, sitting down beside her. "Anything at all?"

"Nah. My mind's a complete blank! Feels kinda funny, actually." She giggled. "So, who are you?"

Simba sighed, looking down at the ground. "Great. Now I have to start from scratch. Well, anyway, my name's Simba," he introduced himself, shaking Nala by the paw. "Prince of the Pride Lands, mighty hero, cutest boyfriend in the world and all around great friend."

Nala laughed, entertained by this strange new cub. "You're really weird!" she told him.

"Thanks," said Simba, not knowing whether to be happy about it or not. "So... your name is Nala."

"Nala?" She thought for a moment. "I like that name," she decided. "Not as nice as Simba, though. That's a *great* name!"

Simba stared into her eyes, and laughed. "Yeah. I guess it is. Your name's pretty great, too."

"Well, it would be. *You* gave me it!" Nala giggled. "So... what are you doing all the way out here? Come to think of it, what am I doing all the way out here? It's all one big mystery! But I guess you'll have to figure it out, because I have no brain at all! Like I said – stupid, stupid, stupid!" Nala stuck her tongue out and went cross-eyed, pretending to look dumb.

"This is gonna take some work."

AN: Oh, boy. Nala's gone crazy, and Tama is afraid of everything. What hilarious antics could possibly happen next? Find out tomorrow. Oh, and review, too, or suffer the consequences. Wait, there *aren't* any consequences! You can do what you like! Stupid, stupid, stupid...

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Simba the Teacher

AN: Thanks for all the reviews, everyone. You're keeping me going. Right until the end. Thank God for support! So, here's two more chapters, straight from the oven. Or computer, depending on how you look at it.

Chapter Five: Simba the Teacher

"Look, Nala, you're not stupid," Simba assured her. "Just... confused, that's all. You've lost your memory. And we need to get it back, before I go crazy. Okay?"

Nala stared at him blankly. "Um... Okay. Yeah. Whatever. So, first you'd better explain to me how you're going to find my memory." Nala looked around the jungle. "Do you think it's nearby?"

Simba slapped a paw to his face. "Oh, this is going to get complicated," he muttered. "Nala, a memory isn't an object. It exists... in your head." He pointed to his own head for added effect. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Nala scratched her head, thinking about what Simba had said. "I guess..." she replied, still looking a little confused. "So, my memory is just in my head?"

Simba grinned, thinking that he was making a little progress. "That's right! You've got it!" he exclaimed.

"So... we have to cut my head open to find it?" Nala said. "Won't that hurt a little?"

Simba sighed. "Okay, so maybe we're *not* making progress," he said. "Nala, it's not an object. It's everything that you can remember. That's why it's called a *memory*. Now do you understand?"

"Okay. So a memory is everything I can remember – and that isn't much," said Nala, smiling at Simba. "Am I right?"

Simba nodded. "Good. Now we're getting somewhere. So, Nala, what *can* you remember?"

"Well, I remember waking up in the middle of this jungle next to you, and then you said you saved me, and then I said I was stupid, and then you taught me about memory, and then I said that I remember waking up in the middle of the jungle next to you, and then you said you saved me, and then I said I was stupid, and then—"

"Okay, okay, I get what you mean," Simba interrupted, waving a paw in the air. "So that's all you can remember? You can't remember *anything* before that? Nothing at all?"

"Nope," Nala replied, looking like she wasn't bothered one bit by it. "I think it's pretty cool. It's like I get a fresh start. Maybe my life was so bad that my memory got taken away! Is that cool or what?"

"No, Nala, it's not," Simba replied, shaking his head. "It's not good at all. You had a *great* life before you lost your memory."

"How would you know?" Nala asked, confused. "I've only just met you. How could you know all about me?"

"Because I'm the most important person in your life," Simba responded. "The person you trust more than anyone else in the world. The person you spend all of your time with. The person you love. The person you wanted to marry when you got older."

Nala stared blankly at him. "Did I mention you're really weird?" she replied, narrowing her eyes. "And what the heck does *marry* mean?"

Simba groaned, pushing his head into the ground. "This is gonna be a long day..."

"It's okay, Tama," Tojo told her. "You can get up. I told you – I'm not going to hurt you. I'm your *friend*."

Tama looked around nervously, her eyes darting left and right, seeing every possible danger in the jungle. Everything and everyone was out to get her. She could be killed at any second. The whole world scared her so, so much.

But the one thing that didn't seem scary was this cub. Tojo. She didn't feel as uneasy when she looked at him. Everything seemed that little less frightening with him around. She didn't like being on her own. She wanted someone with her. Someone friendly.

"Your... friend?" said Tama, staring at him with her big eyes.

Tojo smiled warmly at her, and nodded. "That's right. I'm your friend. Your *best* friend. You can trust me."

Tama couldn't help but smile back. She turned away, suddenly feeling very shy. "Oh," she said softly. "I've never had a... friend before."

Tojo put a paw on her shoulder. "Well, there's a first time for everything, isn't there? Everyone has to try new things."

Tama slowly looked up at him. "But I'm scared of new things. I don't know anything about them. What if they hurt me?"

Tojo rolled his eyes. "How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not going to hurt you. I'm the friendliest person you can meet here. In fact, I've been the friendliest person you could ever meet for a very long time, now."

"But... that makes no sense," said Tama, confused. "You've only known me for about... five minutes. That's not a very long time. Or are you some kind of monster? A monster who's been... stalking me for ever?"

"Don't be silly, Tama," said Tojo. "Think about it. What can you remember before you woke up?"

Tama thought for a moment. "Nothing," she finally said. "I can't remember anything. Do you think I've got brain damage?" She gasped, her huge eyes widening even more. "Oh, no! I could bleed to death!"

"Relax, Tama. You haven't got brain damage. It's called amnesia," Tojo explained, prompting Tama to look confused.

"Amnesia?" Tama repeated. "What does that mean? Is it like a... disease or something?"

"Nah. Just a little condition," Tojo said, taking a step towards Tama and touching her on the forehead, surprising her.

"What... What are you doing?" Tama asked, looking scared. "Are you gonna suck my brain out?"

Tojo chuckled. "No. Of course not. I'm just... checking," he replied, feeling around Tama's forehead.

"For what?" Tama asked.

"A..." Tojo smiled when he found what he was looking for. "A bump. Of course. I should have known right from the start. You've got a little bump right at the side of your head. That's what's probably caused the amnesia – the memory loss."

"Are you saying that... I've lost my memory?" Tama presumed, looking rather scared.

Tojo nodded. "Looks like it. But it should only be temporary. From what I can see, anyway. It's only a tiny bump."

"So... what's going to happen to me?" Tama asked, looking worried.

"Well, you won't be able to remember a few things for a while. Like who you really are. But then, one day, it'll all just suddenly... come back to you. Right out of nowhere, and you'll be back to your same old self," Tojo explained. "Like I said – it's only a small bump. Might just take a day or two for you to recover."

"It's not..." Tama gulped. "Deadly, is it?"

"No. You'll be fine as long as you don't get yourself into any more trouble," Tojo told her.

"I got myself into trouble *before*?" said Tama, surprised. "What was I doing? I must have been acting so stupid – and that doesn't sound like me at all!"

"Well, you didn't exactly get yourself into trouble. It was more of an... accident," said Tojo. "You see, a branch fell on your head." He chuckled. "That was it, really."

"A branch fell on my head?" Tama looked up nervously, suddenly noticing the huge number of trees in the jungle. "These trees don't look very strong. Maybe we should... get out of here."

Tojo smiled. "Okay. We'll go home. Come on." He started walking away, gesturing for Tama to follow.

"So where's home?" Tama asked, walking alongside him.

"They call it the Outlands," Tojo explained. "It's a place for outcasts, but it's just you and me at the moment."

"You and me?" said Tama.

Tojo nodded. "That's right, yeah."

"Um... does that mean we're...?"

Tojo stared at her for a few moments, and then laughed, shaking his head. "No, no. Nothing like that." He looked away from her. *I wish*, he thought.

"So you're my... best friend?"

"Yep. Your one and only," Tojo proclaimed, smiling warmly at her. "Don't worry about this, Tama. I'll look after you until I'm feeling better. That's what friends do for each other."

"Am I a good friend?" Tama asked.

He grinned. "Tama, you're the best friend I could have ever asked for."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Not the Real Tama

Chapter Six: Not the Real Tama

"Okay," said Nala, taking a deep breath. "So let me get this straight: you're the most important person in my life, even though I can't remember you. And I spend all my time with you, even though it feels like I've never seen you before in my life. This is all very confusing."

"Nala, trust me, everything I'm telling you is the truth," Simba insisted. "You've forgotten everything. That's why you feel so confused. That's why you can't remember anything. Do you understand?"

Nala nodded. "Yeah. You've been telling me this over and over again for the past twenty minutes. But what does it all mean? How can I just suddenly forget about everything that's important to me? It makes no sense."

"Look, all we need to do is find a way for you to remember," Simba explained, pacing back and forth. "There's gotta be something. No one ever loses their memory *for ever*. Sometimes it just... comes back to them – with a little help."

"So how did it start?" Nala asked, looking up at the sky, none the wiser as to what had happened to her. Whenever she tried to remember what had happened to her before she woke up, everything seemed so blurry and out of focus. Her memory had been totally erased. Her whole life. It made her feel kind of... sad. And lonely.

"When you fell from the tree," Simba stated, thinking hard. "You fell from the tree, into the river, and then... you lost your memory. Everything. That's it, isn't it?"

"That's what?" said Nala.

"You fell so hard that your memory got erased," Simba explained. "So that means we have to jog your memory."

"Jog my memory?" said Nala, narrowing her eyes. "How are we going to do that?"

Simba thought for a moment. "I've got it!" he exclaimed, grinning. "Just climb up to the top of the tree and jump off again! It'll reverse everything!"

"I can't do that!" Nala shouted, her eyes widening. "I don't want to get hurt *twice* in one day! Besides, what if it makes my memory *worse*? If I jump off the tree again then I might only be able to remember things for the three seconds! I won't even be like a *person* any more!"

"Okay, so then again, maybe not," said Simba, sighing. "So we do something else. Something that doesn't involve hitting you on the head. We just have to jog your memory some other way."

"How?" Nala asked, thinking that all of this was rather pointless. "It's all too confusing for me to work out. Why don't we just start my life over again? Maybe that'll be easier for the both of us."

Simba scoffed. "No way. We're going to fix this. Together. You'll be back to your old self in no time." He smiled at her. "You trust me – right?"

Nala stared into Simba's auburn eyes. She felt so confused. So lost. So alone. But in this dark, scary world, this new cub was the only person she could trust. She *had* to trust him. She had no other choice.

"I guess so," she replied, still that tiny bit unsure. Something about Simba was special. But she couldn't quite figure out what it was. Deep down, part of Nala knew that she would find out. "I don't really have much of a choice. I'm not just gonna leave you out here on your own, am I?"

"And I don't want to leave *you* out here on your own," said Simba, his smile widening. "I'll take care of you until you're back to normal." He put a paw around her shoulder. "You don't need to worry about being alone."

Nala smiled at Simba, suddenly feeling a strange kind of connection with him. She liked him. She liked him a lot. Simba was making her feel special. He was so friendly. So kind. So... *loving*. It was hard to believe that she had forgotten such an amazing person like him.

"Thank you," she said, resting her head against Simba's. "It helps. You know, I can't help but feel... safer when I'm around you."

Simba nuzzled her face. "Do you want to know a secret?"

"What is it?"

"So do I."

"And here we are!" Tojo exclaimed as he and Tama arrived in the Outlands. "Home, sweet home!"

Tama looked around the dusty, decaying place, and frowned. "It doesn't look very... clean." She looked ahead. "What about that place all the way over there? It looks a lot better." She pointed with a claw. "That place with all the grass and the hills. Where's that?"

"That's the Pride Lands," Tojo explained. "Apparently the greatest kingdom anyone's ever laid eyes on."

"Can we go there?" Tama asked excitedly. "It certainly sounds a lot safer than around here. The whole place looks very... pointy. I could cut myself and get an infection and die of a horrible disease. I don't want that to happen to me!"

"Well, I would take you there, but the truth is... you don't really... want to," said Tojo, causing Tama to look confused.

"But that doesn't make sense," said Tama. "I just said that I—"

"I mean *before* you lost your memory," Tojo told her. "You prefer to stay here, for some reason. And besides, I'm not risking you in the Pride Lands. You could get hurt. I don't want to make things worse."

"Doesn't look much safer here," Tama commented, looking around nervously. "Are you sure it'll be all right?"

"Would I lie to you?" Tojo replied, grinning at her. "Of course it's safe! You're the one who suggested that we live here in the first place!"

Tama felt her heart warm. *He's so kind*, she thought, smiling. *I can't believe I've forgotten someone like him. Every time he smiles at me like that he makes me feel like I'm important.*

Tama then yawned, feeling a little tired. "Sleepy?" said Tojo.

Tama yawned again, and nodded, blinking a few times. "Yeah," she replied. "I guess I need a little nap. To get my head together. Um..." She looked left and right. "So where do I sleep?"

"Oh... Um... Usually anywhere," Tojo answered, before he lay on the ground. "But you can sleep by me if you like."

"Um... Okay," Tama said, before she nervously lay on the ground, snuggling up to Tojo, feeling instantly better. "You're very warm, Tojo," she told him, as she closed her eyes. "And cuddly."

Tojo blushed. *It's like a good version of Tama*, he thought, smiling as he watched Tama slowly drift off to sleep. *But... when's she going to go back to normal?* he asked himself. *It may be a good Tama, but it's not exactly the real her. I just hope she's not stuck like this for ever.*

AN: Will Tama and Nala ever regain their memories? You'll have to find out in the end. Ooh. The penultimate story is coming to a close. The end isn't far off now.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Calm Before the Storm

AN: Ooh, I like this chapter title. Very dramatic. Anyway, it's time for the final chapter to the penultimate story. Things are coming to a close...

Chapter Seven: Calm Before the Storm

"Memories..." Simba said the word thoughtfully, as if it was helping him to think better. "Memories..."

"Why do you keep saying that...?" Nala asked in the same tone. "How is that going to help...?"

"I'm just thinking out loud," Simba told her, pacing back and forth. "This memory loss thing is too tricky for me to figure out. Tricky, tricky, tricky, tricky. It's tricky!"

"Yes, I get that," said Nala. "So I guess that if it's too hard for you to figure out then we'll just have to forget all about it. I'll just start a new life somewhere else. It'll probably be better."

She started to walk away. Simba pursued her quickly, jumping in front of her, stopping her from leaving. "Whoa, whoa, whoa!" he exclaimed. "Don't give up just yet. Before you lost your memory you would *never* have given up. If I'd lost *my* memory, then would *you* have given up on me?"

Nala just stared at him, and sighed, looking down at the ground. "I don't know. I have no idea about who I am. Every time I try to think back, everything just feels like it's... not even there. Anything could have happened, and I wouldn't even know about it. For all I know, my Dad could have been horribly murdered!" she said with a laugh.

Simba stared at her solemnly. "Well, it's funny you should mention that..." he muttered, suddenly feeling very awkward. "Um... I'm sorry, Nala. But your father is dead. He died a long time ago. Back when you were a baby," he explained, giving her a sympathetic look.

Nala slowly lifted up her head, a sad look on her face. "Really?" she said. "And... what about my Mom? Is she... dead?"

Simba shook his head. "No. She's alive. She brought you to the Pride Lands – that's where we live. That's where you met me." He smiled. "She's probably missing you right now."

Nala looked heartbroken. So much had happened to her in her life, but she couldn't remember any of it. She was missing out on so much. She wanted everything back. She wanted to be able to remember. She felt so lost without her memories. From the moment she woke up, she couldn't even remember her own name.

"Simba..." said Nala, getting closer to him. "Will you... help me get my memory back?" she asked, a desperate look in her eyes.

"Of course I will," he replied, noticing the lost look in her eyes. She was lost in the world without a purpose. Everything that Nala was had been wiped clean because of a stupid accident. It should never have happened. Simba wished that they had never come here in the first place.

Simba put a paw around her shoulder. "I'm not going to let you out of my sight until you're better," he assured her. "I promise." He brought her into a tight hug. "You're my best friend. I'm not going to let anything else happen to you."

Nala hugged him back. "It feels like more than just friends," she confessed. "Much more. I can't explain it, it's just... weird. This feeling."

If only you knew, Simba thought with a smile. "We'll get through this together." He grinned at her. "Okay?"

Nala grinned back at him. "Okay," she replied, suddenly feeling very enthusiastic. Somehow, she knew that Simba would help her through all of this. He'd get her memory back. He seemed like a very spectacular cub. Very heroic, too. And cute. Especially that tuft on the top of his head... Oh, she *loved* that!

Simba turned around, a grin on his face. "That's it!" he exclaimed, thinking he'd figured it out. "Teamwork. We stand a better chance of getting your memory back if we do it as a team!"

"Actually, it's a *duo*," Nala corrected her. "We need to get more friends..."

"Wait..." Simba narrowed his eyes at her. "What do you mean?"

Nala gave him a funny look. "I said it's not a team – it's a duo. I was just... saying, that's all. Nothing important, is it?"

"Hmm..." Simba circled Nala, examining her closely. "You feeling okay, Nala?"

"Yep." Nala smiled. "Aside from the complete loss of all my memories, I'm just dandy. How about you?"

"I think some things are coming back to you," Simba told her. "Because, before the accident, I said that to you while we were climbing the tree."

"Tree?" Nala tilted her head to the side. "What tree is that?"

"That one." Simba pointed to the enormous tree that Nala had fallen from. "The tree that you fell from the top of. You hit the river, got a bump on your head, and now you can't remember anything. You've hit your head so hard that you've lost your whole memory. Obviously hitting you on your head again isn't going to get your memory back, so there has to be something else. Something special..."

"Is it the feeling inside my stomach?" Nala asked, causing Simba to look shocked.

"What feeling are you talking about?" he asked, his eyes widening. *I hope it's the feeling I think it is*, he thought. *That means we're getting somewhere!*

"I don't know," she replied, suddenly feeling very shy, blushing underneath her fur. "This... funny feeling. Like there are a whole lot of butterflies flying about the place inside my stomach. Every time I look at you. What does that mean?"

"I think..." A big grin spread across Simba's face. "It's love."

Tama had a big smile on her face as she woke up, feeling very cosy and warm. As her big orange eyes flickered open, she quickly realised that she was snuggled up to Tojo, causing her to blush.

Tojo had his paw around Tama, and was hugging her close to him. *He's very sweet*, she thought to herself, still blushing. *He's the only thing around here that isn't scary. He makes me feel so safe.*

She nuzzled his chest, feeling safer than she'd ever felt since she woke up with no memory. No idea of who she was, or what she'd been doing. Her whole past was a total mystery. A mystery that she feared she might have to figure out. Unless, of course, Tojo had the answers...

"Tama?"

Tama gasped, but soon calmed down when she realised it was Tojo who was talking to her. "Oh..." she said, taking a few deep breaths. "Tojo, it's you. Sorry about... being so close to you, but... I get pretty scared on my own."

"That's okay," said Tojo, giving her another one of his warm smiles. "I don't mind. Really. I don't get *nearly* as many cuddles as I should."

Tama could feel herself blushing. "I'd cuddle you every day," she told him. "If you wanted me to, I mean."

"You're not scared of me, then?" Tojo remarked. "You don't think I'm a big scary monster?"

She giggled a little. "No. I think you're nice, Tojo. Really... nice. You're sweet. You make me feel safe. And you *really* know how to make someone feel warm when they sleep. If there was one person I could choose to spend the rest of my life with, then it'd be you."

Aw... Tojo thought, as he felt himself beginning to blush too. *This new Tama is very cute. I almost feel like I don't want her to get her memory back. Almost...* "You almost sound like you're in love with me," he told her, chuckling. "You... *aren't* in love with me, are you?"

"I don't know," Tama replied, looking down at the ground, the slightest look of sadness in her eyes. "I don't know *how* I'm supposed to feel. Before I lost my memory, did I act like this? Was I always so... scared of everything? Did I... feel this way about you?"

"Um... not really," said Tojo, rather hesitantly. "You were kind of... tough. Feisty. You think you're evil, but I can see right through all that. I can see the good person you really are inside."

"Evil?" Tama laughed. "That doesn't sound like me. Evil is... wrong. It's horrible. I don't want to be like that."

"Wow," said Tojo, stunned. "It's like you've been turned inside out. Without all the guts and blood, I mean. What's the right way to put this? Hmm... Oh, I got it! It's like your *soul* has been turned inside out! The bad part of you has been replaced by the good part! With a few added things, like you being scared of everything, and you being strangely attracted to me."

"You're very smart, Tojo," said Tama, getting closer to him, her heart pounding in her chest. "I like smart people. At least, I *think* I do."

"Um... Tama, what are you doing?" Tojo asked, suddenly feeling very nervous. Tama was getting very close to him... What did she want? "Why are you getting so close to me?"

"I feel so strange, Tojo," Tama confessed, getting even closer to him, her muzzle inches away from his. "I feel like I want to... get close to you, I feel like I want to... *kiss* you."

Tojo gulped, feeling *really* nervous now. *Oh, boy*, he thought. *This is it. She's going to kiss me. Well, she's going to kiss me properly. The last time was kind of a surprise. But this is the real thing. Wow...*

"Do you feel the same way, Tojo?" Tama asked, her muzzle just inches away from his. "Do you feel like you want to... kiss me?"

Tojo's eyes widened. "Uh... I... Um..." he sputtered, suddenly losing the power of speech. This was all going too fast for him.

Tama smiled, before giggling. "I'll take that as a yes."

And then she kissed him, right on the muzzle. Tojo soon gave in, kissing her back. He'd waited so long for this. Finally, Tama was kissing him. Nothing could ruin this moment now. Nothing...

As Tama kissed him, her eyes suddenly shrunk down to their original size. *Wait a sec...* she thought. *What the heck am I doing?*

Tama violently pushed Tojo away, knocking him onto his back. "Tojo, what do you think you're doing?" she shouted, her eyes burning with anger. "I always knew you were desperate, but this is just ridiculous! How *could* you?"

Tojo's mouth dropped open, still in shock from the kiss. "You mean... you know who you are?"

"Of course I do!" Tama replied. "What, do you think I'd just suddenly forget about who I am?" She started walking towards him slowly, her claws extending. "You're in for it now, mister..."

"Tama, please, y-you have t-to understand," Tojo stammered, backing away from Tama as she got closer and closer to him, closing in for the kill. "You had an accident! You lost your memory! You fell in love with me! *It's not my fault!*"

Tama pounced at Tojo, tackling him to the ground. She looked ready to tear his head off. "Tojo... you... you... you... are such a funny guy!" She ruffled the top of his head playfully, smiling.

"Huh?" Tojo cocked his head to the side. "What do you mean?"

"I'm only kidding, Tojo," said Tama, hopping off of him. "I wasn't *really* going to kill you."

"But... But I kissed you!" Tojo exclaimed, although suddenly he wished he hadn't.

"Oh, accidents happen," Tama said, waving her paw in the air, not really caring. "I've kissed you before and I'll probably end up kissing you again. This is how these kind of friendships work out."

Tojo breathed a sigh of relief. "It really wasn't my fault, you know. You lost your memory, and suddenly you started getting really... close to me."

"I think you'd better tell me this story," said Tama, sitting down next to him. "After all, if you don't, I just might have to kill you for *real*."

"Love?" said Nala, confused. "What's love? I don't think I've ever heard of that before. What is it?"

Simba thought for a moment. "Um... It's kind of like... a feeling. A very special feeling between two people. It's when they really, really, *really* like each other. You know you love someone when you get a really funny feeling in your stomach."

"Have *you* ever had that feeling, Simba?" Nala asked, curious.

The biggest smile Nala had ever seen spread across Simba's face. "I'm having it right now."

"You're real sweet, Simba," Nala told him. "Even though I've only just met you, it feels like I've known you for a really long time. Every time I look at you, I get that feeling you were talking about. Does it mean... I'm in love? Does it mean I'm in love... with *you*?"

"No," Simba replied, causing Nala to look slightly disappointed. "It means *we're* in love," he said.

Nala grinned, and without thinking pulled Simba into a kiss. She loved him. She *knew* she loved him.

In fact, Nala *remembered* that she loved him. She suddenly found that she could remember a lot of other things, too. How she met Simba, all the amazing things they'd done together, and how strong their love for each other was. He was the most important person in the world to her.

Pulling away from the kiss, Nala was panting, an amazed expression on her face. "Wow..." she said. "I remember. I can remember everything."

"Nala?" said Simba, moving towards her. "You know who I am – right?"

Nala looked up at him, and grinned. "Of course I do, you silly cub. I could *never* forget a face like that."

Simba grinned, pulling her into a hug. "You're back!" he cried, happy that Nala had regained her memory. "You're back to normal!"

"Well, *duh*!" Nala exclaimed. "I can see that!"

"You had me so worried," he told her. "I thought you were *never* going to get your memory back."

"It's thanks to you," said Nala, smiling. "You're just... way too amazing for me to forget. I fell in love with you all over again."

Simba grinned. "You're amazing, too, Nala."

"I know," said Nala. "I don't need you to tell me that." She giggled. "Well, unless you want to be adorable."

"I don't believe this," said Tama, shocked. "It's like I became a completely different person! A cowardly, tiny, squeaky little cub! It's like I turned into *you*!"

"Hey!" Tojo squeaked. "I am not squeaky!"

"Yes, you are," said Tama.

"I know."

"Still, you're not that bad," she told him. "You wouldn't be my best buddy, otherwise, would you?" She grinned.

Tojo grinned back at her. "I guess not."

Tama turned around, looking up at the sky. *He's really something special*, she thought, thinking back to that kiss. She could only remember the last few seconds of it, but it made her feel special. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. The effect Tojo had on her was increasing...

A frown came across Tama's face, as she stared up at the evening sky. "Can you see that?" she asked Tojo, not taking her eyes away.

"What?" Tojo asked, joining her by her side, following her gaze.

Tama's frown widened. "There's a storm coming."

The End

AN: Foreshadowing! Admit it – I am a *big* tease, aren't I? But, soon all of your questions will be answered, as Series Two comes to an exciting climax in the thirteenth and final story! I bet you can't wait. And to be honest, neither can I! Ha, ha!

NEXT TIME: Tama feels like nothing. Everyone is having a better life than her. Everyone but her is having a great time. So she comes up with a despicable plan – to wreck Simba and Nala's lives in the most horrible way...